

## A BUOY'S TRAVELS.

Brought to Port After Being Tossed About for Five Years.

Breaking from Its Anchorage in Charleston Harbor It Makes an Extensive Ocean Tour and Is Recaptured Uninjured.

The British steamship *Armstrong*, bringing sugar from Java, put into the Delaware breakwater the other day with a strange object on her deck. It was a derelict whistling buoy of huge proportions that the ship had picked up during its voyage north. On the moonless night of October 19 the *Armstrong* was a hundred miles east of the Bermudas. She was laboring through the heavy swells that remained from the storm that had raged for the two preceding days. The night was still, noticeably so from contrast with the day preceding, and for hours the swash of the waves against the vessel's side was the only sound that came to the ears of the men on duty. About midnight a faint murmur like the moaning of a person in distress came floating over the waves and was reported by the man on watch. It was heard again and again and apparently originated in a point almost directly in the course the ship was pursuing. An hour later the sound, so strange in midocean, came with great distinctness from the starboard bow of the vessel and apparently not far off. The captain ordered the engines stopped and the ship to lay to till morning. The *Armstrong* was kept near the spot where the signal was uttering its notes, and all through the remaining hours of the night the sound continued at regular intervals.

The sailors thought they had solved the mystery before morning broke, and when it dawned a score of eyes recognized the familiar iron head of a harbor whistling buoy rising on the billows and uttering its sad note as it fell. The sea had calmed sufficiently to admit of capturing the wanderer and a boat was sent out to attach a rope to the iron cage that covered its whistle. A tackle was rigged on the yardarm and the hollow monster was hoisted on to the vessel's deck. The iron air cylinder, surmounted by the whistle, and the sixteen-inch tube that extended from this cylinder to keep it upright in the waves gave a length of nearly fifty feet to the buoy. To the long tube was attached several furlongs of the heavy chain that had held the buoy to its anchor until some accident had released it.

The buoy was undamaged, even to its whistle, but showed evidence of having done many years of service. As it lay on her decks when the *Armstrong* put into port the strange object excited much curiosity. Unloaded on the dock it was a well-patronized free show, but no showman was there to relate its remarkable history. All that could be told at first was that the buoy was of an American pattern, and that it had heretofore wandered from some point on the shore of the United States to its place far out in the ocean, where finally it had secured its own capture by its melancholy signalings. A search among marine records disclosed its story.

The Atlantic Pilot Chart, for September, 1890, says the New York Record, honored this lost property of the light-house board with an official mention. On November 20, 1886, the Port Royal buoy in Charleston harbor broke from its moorings and started towards the ocean on its career of adventure. Drifting out into the gulf stream it floated in the warm waters of that current during the remainder of the year. It moved northward in a zigzag course under the influence of conflicting winds. Its signalings attracted the attention of many passing vessels. On Christmas day of 1886 it was last seen in the gulf stream. Three months went by and then it was discovered floating serenely along some two hundred miles north of the Bermudas. After that it started for a still more southerly latitude, and during May it was sighted very near the coral reefs of Bermuda.

For more than a year it had been lost sight of when on June 9, 1888, it was heard and seen six hundred miles northwest of the Bermudas. During this time it must have howled sadly along the very track of the great hurricanes.

The buoy made this part of the ocean a favorite headquarters for two years. It was sometimes reported by incoming vessels as having been heard and sometimes as having been sighted always within one hundred miles of this spot. It crossed its own track repeatedly, but never wandered far away until the summer of 1890, when on September 15 it was seen below the latitude of the Bermudas, but five or six hundred miles to the eastward of the islands. The derelict was then reported to be in good condition, and its mournful warning of danger that it had left one thousand miles away was still as strong as when it was doing honest duty in Charleston harbor. In the year following the buoy for the most part kept out of the track of ocean travel, and it was again nearly forgotten when its weird voice reached the ears of the watch on the deck of the *Armstrong*.

### They Are After Him.

One man in this town is fond of citing an experience of his own as illustrative of the persistence of some advertisers in the face of discouragement, says the New York Sun. Some years ago, wishing some information as to artificial limbs, he wrote to ask a circular of a manufacturer. The circular was instantly sent, and ever since the manufacturer has persistently followed him up. No matter how often he changes his address the annual circular descriptive of artificial limbs always comes to hand. Being sound in limb, he has, of course, never bought any of the articles so eloquently described in the circular, but his name is down in the manufacturer's books, and in that one establishment he is held to be a person short of at least one normal appendage.

## WOMEN WHO SMOKE.

They Number in Their Ranks Many of Europe's Blue-Blooded Princesses.

Those who rave with unceasing bitterness against women who smoke and who declare the habit to be ill-bred and fast, have no idea of the women they are condemning, says a Philadelphia Telegraph's London letter. People with such old-fashioned prejudices have usually old-fashioned feelings on the subject of the reverence due to crowned heads, and would pause before uttering their scathing condemnations were they aware that the "pernicious and disgusting habit" was one in which the majority of queens in Europe indulge. The empresses of Russia and Austria, the queen of Italy and the queen regent of Spain, as well as their majesties of Portugal, Roumania and Servia, and the countess of Paris, are all ardent lovers of tobacco, of which they are also thoroughly good judges. Perhaps the most inveterate smoker among the royal ladies is the empress of Austria, who consumes from thirty to forty cigarettes a day. She keeps her tobacco in an exquisitely chased silver box, which, together with a gold ash-tray, is always to be seen on her writing table. Her imperial majesty of Russia and Queen Marguerite of Italy only smoke in the privacy of their own boudoirs. That of the empress of Russia is a most fascinating apartment, which makes a really ideal smoking-room.

It is fitted up in the style of one of the loveliest rooms at the Alhambra, palm trees giving it quite a tropical appearance, while tempting lounges invite that repose which is such a delightful adjunct to the fragrant weed. The countess of Paris will look at no tobacco which has not grown in the sunny climate of Havana, and while the queen regent of Spain gives her vote in favor of Egyptian cigarettes, and the queen of Roumania declares in favor of Turkey, Queen Natalie, of Servia, has a store of tobacco from each country, of which she is careful to get only the very best. I believe the cigarette cases carried by some of these ladies are veritable dreams of beauty, being usually of gold inlaid with precious stones. Turning to our own country, it would take too long to mention the names of the well-known feminine votaries of the weed, and it is not even necessary to repeat that they are some of the highest in the land. A very large proportion of our "blue" women smoke, and many of them even smoke cigars as strong as those affected by the sterner sex.

## RUSSIA AND INDIA.

The Eastern Situation as Illustrated by a Homely Old Anecdote.

Nothing in the catalogue of sensations will so stir up the British nation as an intimation or assertion that Russia is moving on India, says the Chicago Inter Ocean. The accusation has been made a thousand times, and it always stirs the English people to a high state of indignation and irritation.

The humorous side of the question is presented when Russia answers such accusations. Her reply is like that of the old dandy, who, when he was accused of stealing chickens, indignantly denied the charge, but added, aside: "If he had said ducks he would have had me." Russia's answer to England's charge of a purpose to invade India is always a square denial with an aside to the effect that she had said some other country on the border of India the plea would have been milky.

It is necessary to keep the people of Great Britain in a state of excitability as to any restrictions of British rights in central Asia. Their attitude has been for half a century one of suspicion; and it must be admitted that the operations of Russia have justified this suspicion, if they have not justified alarm as to her intentions and purposes. It is probable that Russia does not contemplate any invasion of India now any more than she did twenty years ago, but it suits her policy to threaten the British frontier. It is a part of her policy, also, to convince the tribes and people of central Asia that she is the dominant power. This is all the present scare amounts to.

## IN A FIELD OF FLAME.

A Mustang Saves the Life of a Settler During a Forest Fire.

An exciting race for life is reported from the mountains back of Santa Monica, says a Los Angeles correspondent, where a brush fire got under way and had been burning fiercely for a couple of days. A young settler named Wilson, who had built himself a cabin in the mountains, was asleep when the flames reached his house, and was not awakened until the fire almost roasted him.

When he reached the door he thought his last day had come, for the flames and dense smoke shot up on all sides for several hundred feet, and he could see no outlet.

He had a tough little mustang. He placed a wet blanket over the animal's head and body, and the bronco dashed into the flames, and for a quarter of a mile Wilson, more dead than alive, expected his horse to drop dead every step. But the mustang kept his pace, and dashed into the clear space ahead of the crackling flames. Wilson thought he was safe, and attempted to slow the mustang up, but the horse understood the situation better than his master, and, in spite of Wilson's efforts, dashed on.

It was well that he did, for in a few minutes the fire bounded across the cleared spot and was close on the heels of the horse. Wilson was terribly burned about the head and face. The mustang was also badly burned.

### Unearthed a Mastodon.

While digging a ditch on a farm two miles west of Onarga, Ill., one day recently workmen unearthed the teeth and pieces of the skull of a mastodon. The teeth weighed ten pounds each. A party of scientists made further search and found a tusk which measured six feet six inches long, twelve inches in diameter at the base and ten inches at the point where it was broken off. These bones are thought to be the largest of the kind ever found.

## SWIMMING A HORSE.

How the Animal Should Be Ridden in the Water.

Pictures are often seen representing horsemen sitting bolt upright in their saddles while swimming their horses across a stream, the whole line of the horses' backs being visible above the water. The artists who make these pictures can hardly have ridden a horse while the animal was swimming, or seen the thing done. A French cavalry officer, in a military journal of Paris, the *Revue du Cerele Militaire*, gives this account of the way a horse should be ridden, and of the way he should be ridden, in swimming a stream:

To begin with, it must not be supposed that a horse always swims naturally, and with ease, the moment he is off his feet in the water. The animal under such circumstances has but one notion: to keep his head out of the water, and to lift his shoulders as high as possible.

In doing this, his hind-quarters sink, and he finds himself almost standing upon his tail, or at least in a position three-quarters erect.

In such a position, if the rider draws upon the reins, or throws his body back in the least, the animal's hind quarters will sink more and more, his body will take a vertical position, and, bawling the water uselessly with his forefeet, he will finally sink.

As soon as the horse gets off his feet in the water, let the rider grasp a handful of the animal's mane, leaning at the same time well forward upon his shoulders, but without touching the horse's head. The rider's knees should be pressed tightly to the horse's sides; otherwise he is likely to be swept off by the water.

This is the only position which will enable a man to remain in the saddle, and the horse to swim at the same time.

The reins must be held loosely, and each well to one side. If the horse is to be guided in the water, give the loose rein a little jerk in the direction desired. But it is in the highest degree important never to pull on the reins.

## TOP-FLOOR AIR.

An Authority Who Says Smoke Smuts Is Thicker Than the Higher One Climbs.

In view of the agitation over "sky-scraping" buildings in Chicago, and the claims of some that high buildings are essential for pure air, an article in the Pall Mall Gazette on the air of London is interesting.

At what elevation is the air of London purest? asks the Gazette. According to Mr. W. J. Prim, who gave evidence before the select committee on house of commons ventilation, at about thirty or forty feet from the ground. Lower than that you get the dust, higher than that you get the smoke from the chimneys. Mr. Prim made certain experiments with frames of wood covered with blanketing material put at different elevations—one on the top of the clock tower at Westminster, another on the highest point of the roof, and others at various heights down to the court yard. After five hours' exposure there were found to be more smuts at the high elevations than at the low, but on the court yard there were considerable quantities of dust. On the whole Mr. Prim came to the conclusion that the purest level was between thirty and forty feet, and that nothing was gained by going higher unless you went very high indeed—say some four hundred or five hundred feet. All this is rather fatal to the common notion that the highest stories of the tallest blocks of flats are especially desirable for their salubrious air.

## TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

A Story of a Man Who Never Lost His Temper.

Madame Necker relates the following anecdote of M. Abauret, a philosopher of Geneva:

"It was said of him that he never had been out of temper; some persons, by means of his female servant, were determined to put this to the proof. The woman in question stated that she had been his servant for thirty years, and she protested that during that time she had never seen him in a passion. They promised her a sum of money if she would endeavor to make him angry; she consented, and, knowing he was particularly fond of having his bed well made, she on the day appointed neglected to make it. M. Abauret observed it, and, the next morning, made the observation to her; she answered, that she had forgotten it; she said nothing more, but, on the same evening, she again neglected to make the bed; the same observation was made on the morrow by the philosopher, and she again made some such excuse, in a cooler manner than before. On the third day he said to her: 'You have not yet made my bed; you have apparently come to some resolution on the subject, as you probably found it fatigued you. But, after all, it is of no great consequence, as I begin to accustom myself to it as it is.' She threw herself at his feet, and avowed all to him."

## Weight of Paper Money.

How many of our readers have ever thought of the weight of a dollar bill? One no doubt has heard it said that it would be impossible for one man to carry away with him one million dollars in bills of the one dollar denomination. The fact was shown in the treasury at Washington the other day that through the medium of scales of the most delicate adjustment twenty-seven new one-dollar notes weighed exactly as much as a twenty-dollar gold piece. A similar trial was made with old soiled notes, and since these accumulate dirt faster than they wear out, twenty-seven of them weighed considerably more than a double eagle. The actual weight of all the paper money which the treasury sends by express every year to different parts of the country is in the aggregate enormous. Since July 1 it has dispatched thirty-eight million dollars, nearly all of it in small notes, to the south and west for the purpose of moving the crops. It would take a good many men to carry that away in one-dollar notes.

## THE TAILOR'S BLACKBOARD.

How a Knight of the Shears Kept Even with His Customers.

In the reception-room of a swell State street tailor is a blackboard mounted upon an elaborate easel. The board itself, says the Chicago Times, is just a plain, common affair, but according to the proprietor is of great potentiality. Upon it are perhaps a half-dozen names of Chicago men with amounts ranging from \$70 to \$165 set opposite each. "That's a great scheme," said the owner in rapt admiration. "It has collected \$2,200 for me in three months. Of that amount at least \$1,100 is 'velvet'—clear gain, and the other \$1,100 would have been extremely hard to catch. I just chalk up on it bills that are hard or impossible of collecting. It has been filled three different times. These few names now upon it are all that are left out of a long list of hopeless ones. When my ex-customers heard that they had been posted they fell over each other in their anxiety to settle. I do not aim to send a bill to a regular customer earlier than ninety days after the incurring of the debt. I let him fix three dates of payment, and then if he has not come up I put him on the board. Where did I get the idea? I read a paragraph in a paper over a year ago describing the means adopted by Russian tailors to collect old debts. They are prohibited from advertising accounts for sale and resorted to the bulletin plan. It worked with them, and it has nearly paid a year's rent for me."

## CHANGEABLE MOONSTONES.

Precious Stones That Serve as Health Barometers.

"Did you know that I had a sort of health barometer?" The question was put to a Chicago Press representative by a clubman who had his feet on the table and a cigar in his mouth.

"No. What kind of a machine is it?" the reporter asked. "Well, here it is. You can see it for yourself," and he extended his hand, indicating a small ring with moonstone settings upon his little finger. "I can always tell when I am sick by looking at that," the gentleman continued. "If I have a furred tongue, or a headache, or am bilious, or out of kilter in any way, all I've got to do is to glance at these stones and they tell the story just as plainly as you please."

"But how do they tell the story? I don't understand."

"No. Well, whenever I'm out of fix these stones turn dark. They get almost black, in fact, although when I am perfectly well they are nearly white. It is very curious and I don't know how to explain the phenomenon. But I am quite sure of the fact, having often observed it."

### An Old Certificate.

English visitors to Vienna will perhaps remember a curiosity shown them on the Graben near St. Stephen's, the Stock in Eisen. It is a knotted tree, said to be the last ash cut down in the Vienna forest when it covered the ground on which the oldest part of the city now stands. It was once the custom of every smith and locksmith of the city at the end of his apprenticeship to drive one nail into the trunk, and, in case of the locksmiths, to try to open the padlock which hung from the iron band round the middle of the trunk. In the course of centuries the tree was studded with nails from top to bottom so thickly that at last it was declared impossible to insert another nail. This covering of iron gave the trunk great durability. The old houses which stood on this spot have been purchased by an insurance company and an enormous building of five stories, surmounted by a cupola, darkens the Graben. The other day the old Stock in Eisen was taken away and deposited in a corner of the new building, where a niche has been reserved for it. A handsome iron gate will be erected in front of it.

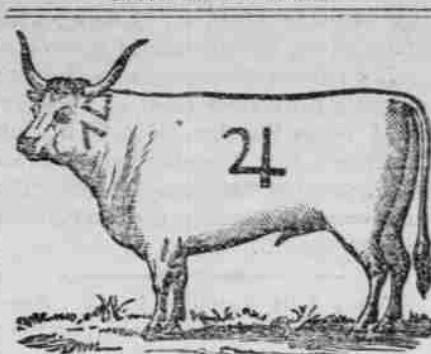
### Ten-Table Gossip.

A traveling salesman recently interviewed by the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette says: A singular coincidence and a striking instance of harmony between name and business exists in Ravenna, O. Opposite the *Etna* hotel is a sign bearing the name "M. E. Scripture," and in the window a stock of Bibles is displayed. Mr. Bookbinder is in the book business in a Michigan town, and Mr. Tanner conducts a tannery at Kittanning, Pa. In Mascoutah, Mo., there is a shrewd advertiser in the person of a hotel-keeper whose name happens to be George Hotel. His business card is like this: "George Hotel keeps a hotel." There are many curious combinations with the surname West, such as North West, a merchant of Bridgeport, O.; Going West, an attorney of Fredonia, N. Y.; and Wild West, a resident of Rockford, Ill. I was about to enter a barber shop in a small village of southern Ohio when I was arrested by a peculiar sign painted gaudily upon the window. It read as follows: "Arthur Lee, Artist in Shavery. Sharp-barberous work done cheap and in haste."

## The United States of Europe.

A French barrister, M. Desmarest, lately wrote to Sig. Crispi pressing him to take the initiative in organizing the United States of Europe. This was Crispi's reply: "The league of the three monarchies, Italy, Germany and Austria-Hungary, has been formed to guarantee the peace of the continent and without any desire of conquest. It is henceforth the kernel of the European confederation. If France chose she might join the three powers, who would receive her into their company with enthusiasm. Her example would doubtless be followed by the other nations, and we should have at once and without difficulty the United States of Europe. General disarmament, the lightening of taxation, and the welfare of the taxpayers would naturally follow. In this great European union, removing all reason for the preponderance of one state over another, the question of nationalities would be quickly and amicably solved by the confederates. It would be a matter of internal organization and nothing else."

## CATTLE BRANDS.



Ear mark: Crop left.

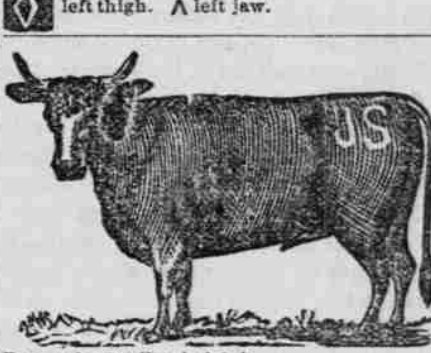
Twenty-four cattle company.

Postoffice: Springfield, A. T.

Horse Brand: left hip.

OTHER BRANDS

left thigh. left jaw.



Ear mark: Swallowfork left.

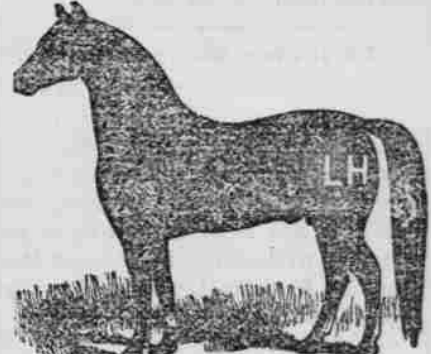
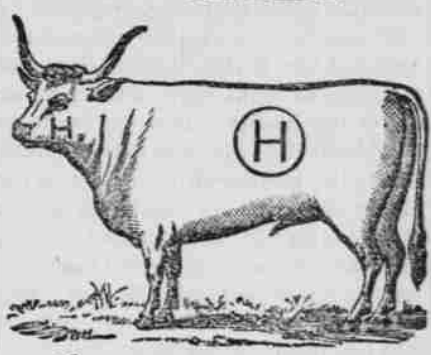
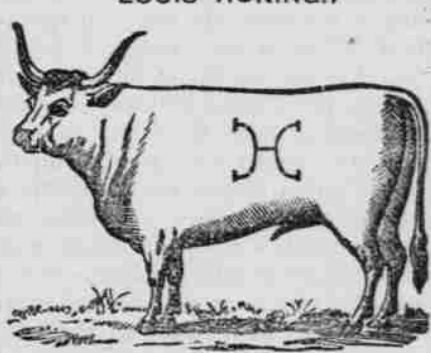
BULL & SHONE.

Postoffice: Taylor, Arizona Territory, M 2.

Range: Lower Show Low.

Horse Brand JS left shoulder.

LOUIS HUNING.

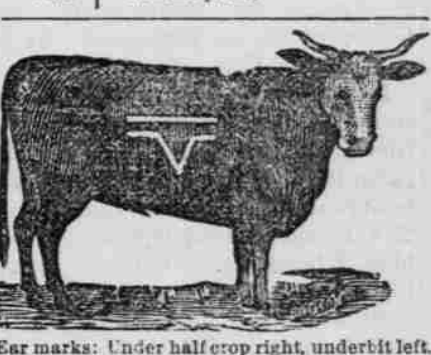


Post office, Los Lunas, New Mexico. Range, Los Quiltes, Valencia county, New Mexico.

R. C. BLASSINGAME.



Post office: Woodruff, Arizona. Range: Milky Hollow and Little Colorado River. Cattle brand OU on left jaw and OU on left side. Old brand OU on left side not kept up. Ear mark: swallowfork left; under-bit and crop right. Horse brand OU on left hip.



Vent OU in same place.



Ear marks: Under half crop right, underbit left.

ST. GEO. CREAGHE.

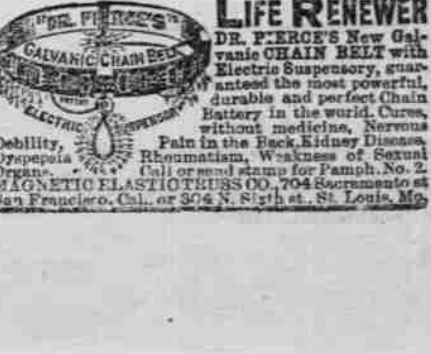
Postoffice: Springfield, A. T.

Range: Coyote Springs and Esquidilla mountains.

Horse Brand: right thigh.

OTHER BRANDS

74 left ribs.



fe21 1y

WM M RUDD.

Cattle brand as in cu on the right ribs. Ear mark: Crop off the lei and swallow fork in the right.

Horse brand—R on the left shoulder.

Range—Nurtioso.

Post Office address, Springville, Apache county, Arizona.

WM. M. RUDD.

BILLINGS LAND AND CATTLE CO.

Cattle brand Diamond in circle, on left side or hip and B left jaw.

Horse brand: on left shoulder.

Range: Billings on Rio Puerco. P. O. address: Holbrook, Ariz.

DEBILITY, PALENESS, PAIN IN THE BACK, KIDNEY DISEASE, DYSPEPSIA, RHEUMATISM, WASTENESS OF SEXUAL ORGANS, GOUT, GRAVEL, MAGNETIC ELASTICITY, 704 SACRAMENTO ST., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

LIFE RENEWER

DR. FERGUSON'S NEW GENUINE CHAIN BELT WITH ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY, GUARANTEED THE MOST POWERFUL, DURABLE AND PERFECT CHAIN BELT IN THE WORLD. Cures, without medicine, Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Wastiness of Sexual Organs, Gout, Gravel, Magnetic Elasticity, 704 Sacramento St., San Francisco, Cal., or 274 N. Fifth St., St. Louis, Mo.

## CATTLE BRANDS.

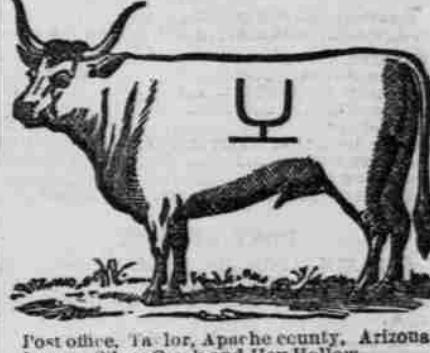


Ear mark—Crop right, overbit left. Calves branded as in cut on both hips. Post Office—Woodruff, Arizona. HORSE BRANDS.

on left thigh, or on left hip.

fe21 91

A. A. ARMSTRONG.



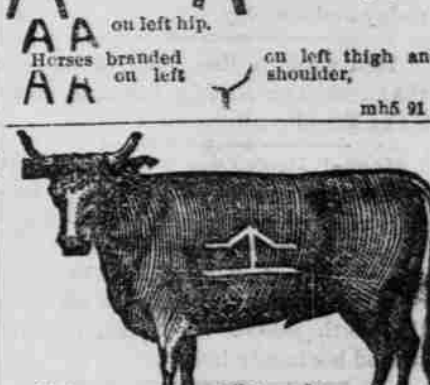
Post office, Taylor, Apache county, Arizona. Range, Silver Creek and Hay Hollow.

Ear mark—Crop and split right, over half crop left.

All increase branded as in cut on left side. I own all cattle branded

on left side, on both hips, and on left thigh and shoulder.

mh5 91



Ear marks, Crop right, underbit left.

AZTEC LAND AND CATTLE CO (LIMITED).

Post office, Holbrook, Arizona. Range, Apache and Yavapai counties.

Old cattle branded also in various other on left side and hip.

on both sides kept up.

Horse Brand: right or left shoulder. HS

right thigh.



Ear marks: Clean split from root to point left ear, upperbit in right ear. Wattle (yanga) on jaw, under mouth. C on left jaw (cheek) hille C on left cheek only. Blooded stock C on left cheek and C on left ribs.

HENRY HUNING

Post office: Show Low, Arizona.

Range: Show Low creek, Silver creek, Laguna, Origen and Laguna Salada.

Horse brand C, left shoulder.



Ear mark: Crop right, underbit left.

JOHNSON BROTHERS

Post office: Navajo Springs, Arizona.

Range: Ojos Bonitos and Pine Springs, Valencia county, N. M., and Zuni river, Apache county, A. T.

Horse Brand Y right shoulder.

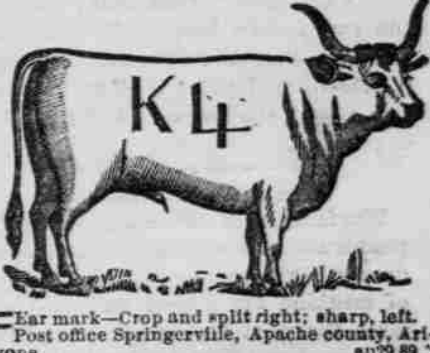


Ear marks, Crop and split left, upper and underbit right.

A. H. PRATT.

Post office, Springville, Arizona. Range, Esquidilla mountains. Horse brand, TIN left hip.

HANK SHARP.



Ear mark—Crop and split right; sharp, left.

Post office Springville, Apache county, Arizona.

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